



JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

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Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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RUPTURE.

SALT LAKE CITY, August 5th, 1896.

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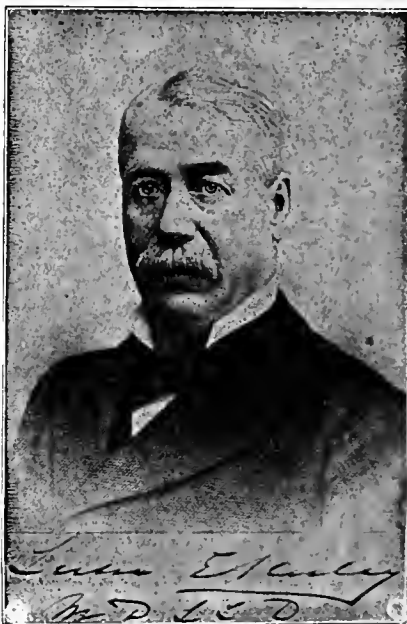
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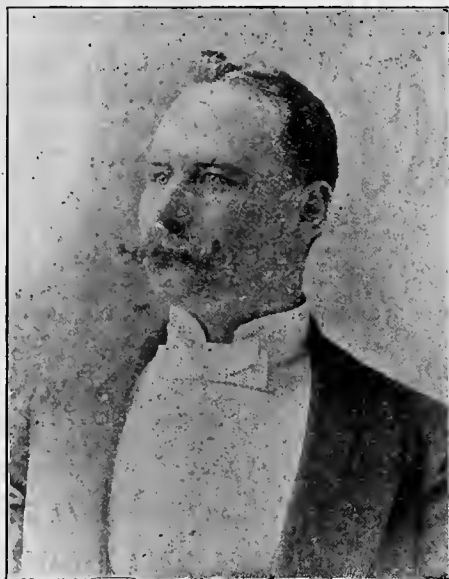
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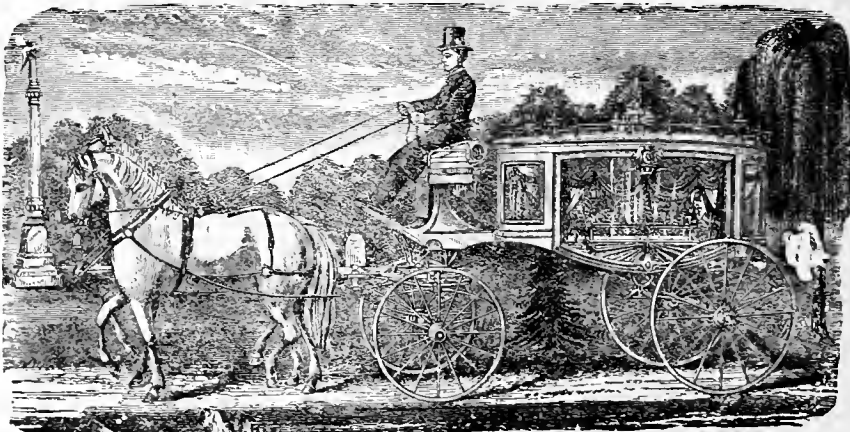
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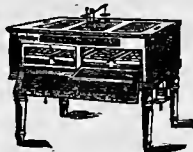
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Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS

VOL. XXXII.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 1, 1897.

No. 1.

HISTORICAL ENGLAND.

No 1.

Dover.

"God bless little Dover,
God bless it still;
It lies in the valley
Beside of two hills;

ENGLISH history practically begins at Dover. For was it not the white chalk cliffs of Dover that caught the eye of good old Julius Cæsar whilst upon one of his annexing expeditions in Gaul—now called France—across the Channel? He saw the white cliffs of Abion's fair Isle



ADMIRALTY PIER.

It lies in the valley
Everyone for to see,
Everyone to their liking
Little Dover for me."
Old song A. D. 1700.

glittering in the sun across the sparkling channel and immediately the heart of the Napoleon of the primitive ages was filled with an intense longing to go

over and conquer fresh lands and bring back sullen captives tied behind his chariot on his triumphant return to Rome, sturdy barbarians that would do battle with man and beast in the arena, to afford the men and matrons of ancient Rome material for pageants and the enjoyment of a Roman holiday, so famous in prose and poetry. Fifty-five years before the birth of Christ Julius Cæsar set sail from a little cove (near where Calais now stands) named Wissant and in a few hours his fleet was anchored off the shore where Dover now stands. But the Britons were there to receive the Roman soldiers and presented a very formidable appearance and barbaric aspect, their naked bodies being stained with a blue preparation called woad. Altogether the Romans considered discretion the better part of valor and proceeded eastward a few miles followed by the howling Britons. Finally a Roman standard bearer jumped into the water and to save the standard the soldiers followed. A couple of hours demonstrated the fact that discipline, armor, and good weapons were more than a match for savages. Cæsar made a three weeks campaign in Britain, during which period he lost many men, although he gained the victory on every occasion; he withdrew his forces to Gaul, but returned the following year and pushed on the first invasion of Britain by the Romans. Such is a brief synopsis of the conquest of Britain and the commencement of wars that raged throughout England until the final conquest by the Normans in the year A. D. 1066.

Dover of today ranks foremost amongst the interesting and quaint towns of England, combining as it does the ancient and modern in a charming degree; the town proper nestles in a nar-

row valley between two hills; on all sides the buildings give evidence of antiquity, with very few exceptions not attaining above the height of three stories. But what to an American is Dover's greatest charm, is its narrow streets. Take Snargate street for instance that has for centuries been its principal thoroughfare; the letter S is straight compared to it, and try and conceive, after being used to our glorious Salt Lake streets, a driveway fifteen feet wide with sidewalks—save the mark—exactly three feet in width, a long array of shops, on either side stocked with costly goods at the same time being of about the same dimension, frontage and depth, as our Market Row fruit and butter stands.

With sidewalks of the above order, locomotion is necessarily reduced to a science, there always being an overflow into the street; of course such a modern contrivance as even the primitive horse car is unknown, and it is better so. It needs but the gay and reckless trolley car to desecrate Dover, and and at once it would be transformed from the sublime to the ridiculous. Under such circumstances the seeker after information is thrown, upon dame nature's resources, viz., Shank's Ponies. He gaily invests in a pair of nailed shoes, sharpens up his finger nails and proceeds to scale the surrounding heights in quest of knowledge and, the fog permitting, English scenery. The best view and idea of Dover is to be obtained from the head of Admiralty Pier as can be seen from the accompanying illustration. The Admiralty Pier, with which every traveling American is familiar, was commenced in 1847, for the purpose of forming a harbor of refuge and extends 1550 feet into the sea. It has three landing places on the east and two on

the west side, available for ships of large tonnage at times of the tide. At the sea end of the pier is erected a turret containing two eighty-one ton guns, intended for exchanging courtesies with hostile foreign fleets.

Trains direct from London run onto the pier and disgorge their loads of passengers and mails to the steamers

not exceeding 1000 tons burden. The Imperial government having appropriated \$20,000,000, next spring operations will be commenced upon the construction of a good sized harbor of refuge for larger vessels.

At the end of the pier I encountered a typical old salt, who for the "price of 'arf a pint," loaned me his glass and



ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

that ply across the channel between England and France and Belgium, of which six run daily. During the summer months the average tourist travel is 1200 a day. Like every structure in England the Admiralty Pier is built to last for ages; it is constructed from huge blocks of granite and has a continuous width of fifty feet of solid masonry. Dover further possesses a harbor for ships

proceeded to indulge in a lecture on Dover since he was born 83 years ago;

"That ere pint ye see to the right is the South Foreland. That old building ye see on the cliff with a 'igh wall around is the old convict prison next Castle 'ill.

"West of the town is Shakespear's Cliff, at the foot of which me old pal Bill was shot by the customs officers in the

old smugglin' days fifty years ago, they popped at me but I was too foxey, d—'em.

"Next is Round Down Heights. Ye see that ere smoke on the shore? Well, that's where they went down 600 feet to start the channel tunnel and are now diggin' for coal and 'ave found it, by gum. Next is Abbotts Cliff and so on."

"What's are those little towers I see dotted along the cliffs at an interval of a mile a part?" I queried. "Oh, them there was built when old Boney (Napolean) were a comin' 'hover in flat bot-tomed boats to play 'ell with us, but 'e never comed. He! He!" I got him on to old smuggling reminiscences and found him very interesting. His yarns had a ring of truth about them but still despite the Britishers assertion I am inclined to think that America has not an exclusive copy right upon monumental liars.

"Ye see that there scar straight down the face of the cliff, not there, sir, jist east of that there zig zag, well that were made fer 'auling seaweed hup from the beach. Ah, many is the tub of old cognac or bundle of havanas or bandan-nas I've 'auled hup there, and we would sling em across 'orsès and take 'em hover to them clump of trees ye see four mile horff to Devils 'ole where it would lie snug until it were wanted. But I like a blooming chump, sold me boats and went to London, went broke, and there ye are."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MANY mean things are done in the family for which moods are put forward as the excuse. A man or woman has no moral right to indulge in an unpleasant mood.

HOW NELLIE AND I FELL OUT.

SEVEN years ago Nellie Palmer was considered one of the handsomest young ladies in O—. She would be as handsome in the eyes of as many young men today, if she were single; but she is not; she is my wife, and I think her sweeter and handsomer now than ever.

The first time I saw Miss Palmer was in a conjoint meeting of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. She was reciting Milton's poem on "The Nativity." I had heard this beautiful composition recited many times before, but never with such sanctified expression and heavenly grace. The reciter seemed perfectly at home; she had learned her part well, and was playing it to perfection. I said to myself as the lady finished the last sentence and stepped down from the stand, "If Milton were here tonight, how happy he would feel!"

I succeeded that evening in getting an introduction to Miss Palmer. I extended a simple congratulation, and asked her if she would condescend to come over to our home the following evening and recite for us, the occasion being mother's birthday party. My sister pressed the invitation, and Miss Palmer consented.

That was a memorable birthday party. The same evening Mrs. Clauson lost her son, and Mrs. Clauson's son lost his heart. There were about thirty young people present, but I could see only one, and that one was Nellie Palmer. I sat next to her at the supper table—thanks to my sister—and when we retired to the parlor, lo and behold! she and I occupied the same settee.

The Palmer family had settled in our ward about two months before, and as soon as Miss Nellie's accomplishments were known, she became quite popular. She was pressed to join the ward choir

and a couple of weeks after this I succeeded in getting enrolled among the second tenors—although, to tell the truth, up to that time I had about as much music in my soul as there is in a tin pan. At choir practices Miss Palmer and I got pretty well acquainted. Inside a month I had "declared my intentions," and was accepted as her humble lover. We wooed and cooed for two years, and then I began to think that we had served a long enough apprenticeship.

One Sunday evening as Nellie and I were walking slowly down the street from meeting, the Bishop overtook us, and putting his hand upon my shoulder he said smiling:

"If you young people will call upon me next week I will give you recommends to the Temple."

We all laughed, and the Bishop passed on. That night as Nellie and I hung over the garden gate, I said:

"What do you think of the Bishop's suggestion, Nellie?"

"It suits me all right," she said, laughing.

"Well, Nell, let us come to terms. We have been 'sparking' long enough, and now I move that we get married."

"Second the motion," she said, with just the shadow of a tremble in her voice, and the motion was carried unanimously.

Father gave me a good city lot, and Nellie's father put up enough to buy us a neat little cottage. I don't think Nellie's mother was—in fact, I know she wasn't—satisfied with the match; but I had Nellie's father on my side, and Nellie and her father were a majority. The first year of our married life we lived in a little four-roomed Paradise.

One Sunday morning, about this time, a little baby boy came down from heaven

to see us, and he was so pleased with the surroundings that he decided to stay. Well, we were a happy trio. But—about six months later Nellie and the baby commenced to wander quite often from our little "Garden of Eden." I came home several evenings to find the door locked and Nellie gone to her mother's. It was not congenial to my feelings, after working hard all day to come home and have to kindle the fire and make my own supper. I put up with this as long as I could, and then I struck.

"Nellie" I said a little sharply one evening, "I want you to stay at home evenings and cook supper. Then if you want to go out and visit your mother, you can; but I am not going to cook supper any more after tonight."

Nellie fired back, and for half an hour there was a storm of pretty hot words in our home. That was a miserable night. I didn't sleep a full hour, and in the morning I was feeling disagreeable and angry. I left the house without speaking, and after kissing baby only. I thought this would cool Nellie off; but it didn't, it only made her wiser. When I came home that night the door was locked, and Nellie was gone to her mother's.

Then satan took possession of me. I got mad, and in my anger I sat down and penned the following:

Mrs. Nellie Clauson:

"DEAR MADAM: If you consider your mother's home more desirable than mine, you are at perfect liberty to stay there.

Respectfully

"GEORGE CLAUSON."

I enclosed the note in an envelope and dispatched it with one of the neighbor's boys.

Nellie didn't show up that night

and I had to cook supper, also breakfast next morning. When I came home in the evening the house was locked, just as I had left it in the morning.

I cannot describe how angry I felt and in a hasty moment I went off down town and brought up a second hand furniture dealer.

"How much will you give me for my furniture?" I asked, after he had examined my household effects.

"I will give you one hundred and fifty dollars," he said (one-third their value.)

"Make it two hundred." I said, "and you can have them."

He sat down and wrote me out a check for the amount asked.

He took the furniture away next day, and I put a card up in the window "For rent." Two days after I rented the cottage, and went home to my mother.

Mrs. Clauson manifested no great sorrow at what had happened. She never liked Nellie much anyway; she always thought Nell had got the best of the bargain—there are few mothers who consider a girl, no matter how good she may be, good enough for their son—and so, instead of trying to bring about a reconciliation, Mrs. Clauson admired me for "my pluck," and told me I had done "just right." I believed I had done "just right" for about six months, and then I changed my mind, and began to believe that I had done "just wrong." I had acted far too hastily. Nellie had been a good wife; she was kind and loving, but her mother had a powerful influence over her, and she alone was responsible for all this mischief. Six more miserable months passed. Nellie and I had been separated a year, but it seemed seven years to me. I had repented sincerely for what I had done, and I knew Nellie had also repented, from the

feelers I had sent out among her acquaintances.

For the first time I began to pray to the Lord to bring us together again, and this is how He brought about the reunion:

One evening, as I was returning from my work, I involuntarily stopped at a book and stationer's window. I could not tell what had attracted me to the spot, but as I looked at the display my eye rested upon a beautiful silk book-mark on which was worked in colored silk cotton, these words:

"If you are in want of a beau,
I am in want of a belle;
And I can assure you that we
Shall get on uncommonly well."

I went inside and purchased that little mark, and the same night I enclosed it in an envelope and sent it to Nellie. Two days later I got an envelope containing a beautiful book-mark of white silk, on which Nellie had worked with her own fingers:

"If you love me as I love you,
Naught but death can part us two."

The next day Nellie and I "made up." I went down to the man who had purchased our furniture to see if he had any of it left, and judge of my surprise when he took me into a large store-room, and showed me every article just as it had stood in our own rooms.

"I could have sold it all, several times," he said; "but I expected you would make up some day, and I knew when you did you would need your furniture again."

He gave me back the furniture for a trifle more than he had given me for it, and Nellie and I were soon settled in our little home again.

We both learned a lesson that year which we will remember long after we have commenced wearing spectacles.

W. A. Morton.

TRUE ETIQUETTE.

"We dole love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live."

VERY often when some friend, or loved one, is laid at rest, we hear it said: "She was not half appreciated."

The unlimited praise and eulogies are kept securely locked in the safe of Thoughtlessness, until the object of it no longer hungers for its soothing tones. We wait until "We gaze upon the quiet face before they lay it in its resting place."

Then the doors are flung wide, and the flood of kindness pours forth to unhearing ears, the tender looks are bestowed upon sightless eyes.

Regretfully another will say: "What happiness it would have given that self-sacrificing mother, to have known she was appreciated."

We listen, yet do not seem to learn. The heedless word still cuts in the strife of anger. We forget to smile, and give a "thank you," for the service rendered. At last evening's party, we laughed at the cruel jest that made a timid heart quiver with pain.

The day is too short for us to stop to read in the longing eyes of a burdened soul, the pathetic words:

"Oh! friends, I pray tonight,
Keep not your kisses for my cold dead brow,
The way is lonely, let me feel them now;
Think gently of me, I am travel worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh! hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long tonight."

Try to find something good in every acquaintance, and redeeming qualities will multiply with astonishing rapidity. We generally find what we are looking for, you know. Take for instance the girl friend who is plain looking, and very sensitive of it.

Analyze the face and form that

nature has endowed so sparingly. You will discover that she has either soft hair, possessing a lustre that yours lacks, or eyes that are beautiful in expression or shape. Maybe it will be the complexion, and possibly a rounded figure.

Well, when you have found it, and the opportunity comes, just mention that which you admire about her. Very likely her heart is aching, in a rebellious fashion, for the delayed recognition of the beauty that was unseen, because of its homely settings.

Some other friend may dress her hair in a fashion that quarrels with every feature, and thus spoils what could be a charming effect.

Arrange it with your own deft fingers, sometime, and the look of gratitude and pleasure with which she notes the transformation it makes in her appearance will amply satisfy you.

If your companion looks especially pretty, tell her so. It will bring sunshine into her face without any expense to you. The world needs brightening—begin the good work by burnishing your own little corner.

Just try the experiment of giving expression to your kindly thoughts of others—but first, you must have that class of thoughts.

Little words of praise, when merited, of appreciation of our labors, help us over the pin pricks of life, in fact they assist in scaring away those relentless little scratchers, that make wrinkles on our faces, and sometimes, I regret to say, on our hearts also.

Occasionally, you know, everything goes wrong. We sacrifice our own feelings that another may have pleasure, and have it received without even a look of approval. A stinging word, perhaps, has found its way to the tenderest chord.

The sympathetic heart is so chilled and desolate, that it quivers with the thought of a jarring tone.

Finally, the soul rebels against the weight of its loneliness, and hesitatingly goes in search of the word of love, or kindly smile, that will clear the lowering clouds and admit a gleam of sunshine.

Do we get it? Not often. The beseeching look generally encounters a glance of unconcern, cold indifference strikes the heart that is pleading but for a tiny bud from Affection's Tree, and freezes it into bitter desolation.

We fold the cloak of silent misery around our shattered hopes, and proudly turn away to hide the dull pain that gnaws with sickening persistency, and takes all the sweetness out of living.

'Tis much harder to bear than the pain caused by a bruised limb. We can growl over that, and get sympathy accompanied by all the healing herbs known or unknown since the flood. But the heart ache! Who ever heard of any one being doctored for that? O, no! We lock it from prying eyes, and let it exhaust itself with its own sorrow. Why is it, that

"We starve each other for love's caress,
We take, but do not give.
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live."

Our tenderest feelings are often treated the most ruthlessly. We rarely pause to consider whether our words or actions will make a wound that will take years in the curing, but blunder ahead, intent on our egotistic schemes, forgetting the act of unkindness that perishes not.

Kind friends, let us go back over this waste, and give comfort, where we once

left sorrow. Thank mother for the kindly advice that saved you from a step of error. Tell her, as you imprint a tender kiss on the wrinkled cheek, how nobly beautiful the trials of life—God's errands—have made her. It will bring youth and brightness to the tired eyes, and a prayer of gratitude from the depths of her pure soul to her merciful Creator.

Put yourself behind the mirror of charity, and let it reflect only the worthy actions of others.

"Keep a watch on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things,
They are sweet like the bee's fresh honey,
Like the bees they have terrible stings."

In so many ways, we can make the lives of those around us easier and brighter.

Hold closely the dollars and cents, if you choose, but be generous with your love and sympathy.

A small capital in these rarities will yield large returns, by leading you to priceless gems on the road of life that otherwise would be passed in idle pleasure or selfish pain.

Many a lonely heart is famishing for the lack of tender words and the expression of well earned praise. I do not mean flattery, only the vulgar stoop to that, just ordinary truth. Not only the facts about our short-comings, but the truth about our virtues. If we find they are apparent and pleasing, we will very naturally strive to magnify them.

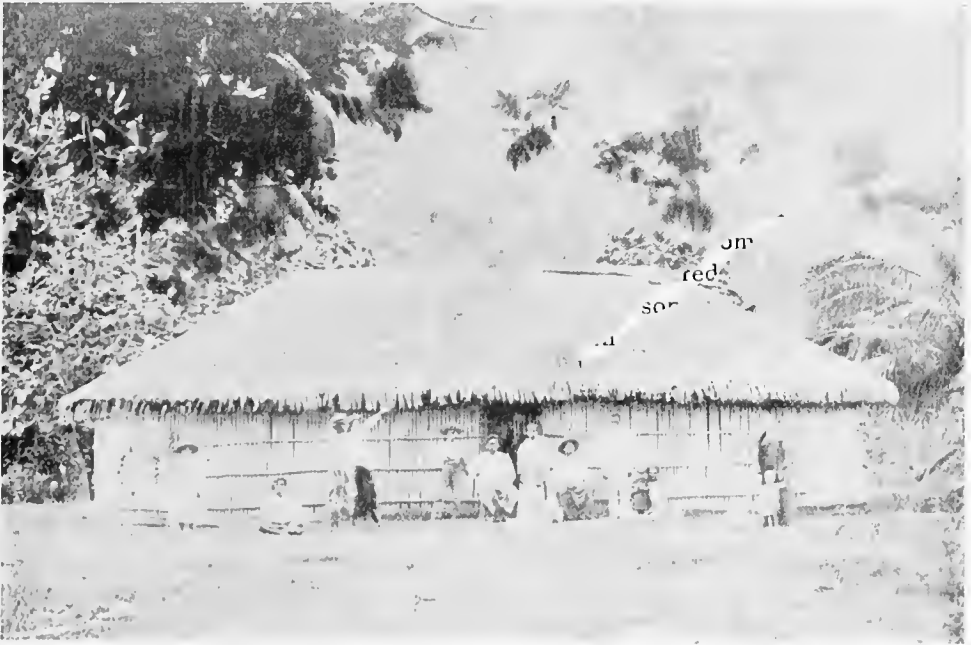
"Oh! if we could do with this world of ours,
As the florist doth with his garden bowers,
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we'd make it.
So bright a dwelling would be our own,
So warranted free from sigh or frown,
That angels soon would be coming down,
By the week or the month to take it."

Lillie Stewart Horsley.

TAHITI AND THE SOCIETY ISLAND MISSION.

IN our issue of December 15, 1896, Tahiti was somewhat treated on in regard to its discovery, visits paid it by noted travelers, and some of the ancient customs of its people. This subject can be further treated on, in regard to the formation of the island, the products of the country, the people who live there, their occupation, mode of living, habits, etc.

about the houses is that there are no bedbugs, but readers of this article who have ever had any experience with fleas do not think that as to choice between the two above mentioned insects, it is about six of one and a half dozen of the other. The wood and everything except nails, that go to make up the house, is raised on the islands. The beams and rafters are made from the trunk of the cocoanut and other trees which grow there. The sides are made, so as to admit light and



A TAHITIAN DWELLING.

Accompanying this article we present to our readers a picture of a typical native home taken on the island about which we are reading. This house, as most other native houses, has but one room; and although it may not appear to be a very pretentious structure, yet it is very cool and comfortable to live in — that is, it is comfortable as long as it is kept clean and not overrun with fleas and other vermin. One good thing

air, of the round bamboo or other light wood of about an inch and a half in thickness. They are tied to the sides of the house with twine made from the husk of the cocoanut, or the bark of the trees. The roof is thatched with the leaf of the "raufara" or pandanus tree which makes a very cool and lasting covering. As a rule there are no floors in the native houses, but the ground is covered with a grass that is dried and which

resembles our wild hay that grows in the fields, or sometimes they make mats from the large branches of the co tree which range all the way from twelve feet in length.

In the background of the picture can be seen a mountain which tends to show that the island is mountainous, and it has to be conceded that it is very much so, when it is known that one part of the island reaches an elevation of over 7,000 feet. The people we see in the picture appear in every day dress and look quite natural to those who have visited those parts. Many times the elders when traveling around the island and in visiting the different villages, have been made welcome at such places as these, and have been made to rejoice and thank God for the place of shelter and rest provided for them.

In regard to the formation of Tahiti, it is thought to be by volcanic, but there are no lava beds, active or active volcanoes, nor is it subject to earthquake shocks. It is thirty-five miles in length and on account of the coral reef which surrounds it has a coast line of one hundred and twenty miles. Its mountains are high and exalted, and down its canyons and sides run streams of clear sparkling water, which irrigates the valleys and land skirting the seashore. The vegetation is most luxuriant, the hills, mountains, and valleys being covered with a dense growth of trees, shrubs, ferns and grasses. Even the most rocky places of the mountains are hidden by the rich and beautiful growth which is everywhere seen. Among the principal fruits might be mentioned the orange, lime, banana, "fei," or mountain plantain, pine apple, mango, (European and native) and bread-fruit. Vegetables of all kinds, are raised by

the resident Chinese, and plantations of vanilla, coffee, cotton, sugar-cane, and tobacco are owned and worked by the natives and whites.

hence the climate is warm and healthy for the tropics, though not so warm that a person feels oppressed when clothes few in number and light in quality are worn. Perennial summer exists with no change save a heavier rainfall from December to March. The rainfall during these four months exceeds that of the remaining eight, the former having an average of 29 inches, while that of the latter is only 19 inches. But notwithstanding the heavy rainfall which the island is subject to it does not take long for the rain to sink into the earth, give new life to the dense vegetation which everywhere exists and leave the roads and paths in a passable condition for the foreigner and the bare-footed native who frequents those parts. They now have a good wagon road around the island, and over some the streams and rivers are to be found good substantial bridges which have been built since the French have had control. The natives as a people are a large well developed race, possessing pleasant features, and having a skin in color of light olive or brown. Their hair is generally straight or wavy, very black in color and made glossy and smooth by the rich and highly-scented cocoanut oil that is so profusely used by them. In dress they pattern to some extent after the Europeans, but the common every-day clothes of the male portion of the community consists of a shirt and "*pareu*" or garment that is worn around the loins and which generally extends a little below the knees. Nearly every woman is her own dressmaker, and as a sewing machine can be found in almost every house, it does not take long for them to become

experts in sewing and in displaying a taste in the make-up of their dresses that is really admirable.

Shoes and stockings are never worn save on state occasions, such as Christmas, the 14th of July when the great French natal day is celebrated, and weddings, etc. On such occasions it is really amusing to see some of them walk and try to imitate the white man. Their large broad feet, the soles of which are toughened like unto sole-leather, being put into the narrow and stiff shoes of the foreigner make them appear somewhat awkward, and no doubt they long for the time when they can take them off their feet and again be free.

A good time to see the natives out in large numbers, and when they are dressed in their best, is on a Sunday morning at about 4 a.m. During the night of Saturday and the early morning of Sunday they come in large numbers from the outlying districts to the market bringing with them such things as they have for sale, as fruits, fish, etc. The market being situated in Papeete, the principal village, affords them a nice place to congregate and dispose of their products. At this early hour of the morning they appear in their best clothes, some buying and some selling; some standing by and disposing of the fish they have caught the night before, (for fish will not keep good twenty-four hours in that warm climate) others disposing of bags of "*poi*," wrapped in banana leaves, that they have made during the previous week and others still who are trying to sell baskets of sweet-potatoes, oranges, limes, and bananas at ten and twenty cents a basket. At 7 a.m. very few people can be found on the market, unless it is some of the whites, for they as a rule are noted by the natives for their late rising, but the

majority of the natives have returned to their homes and can be found preparing the food for the 10 a.m. meal. This is done principally by the men—quite different to what it is here at home—and as they have no stoves they resort to the best means at hand, means which would seem to be to many, rather rude and primitive. This is the native oven, and is formed by rocks being placed in the ground in a bowl-shaped fashion upon which the wood is set and other small rocks piled on. After the wood is consumed and the rocks become heated, they are leveled out, and the food placed thereon. If it happens to be fish, pork, or "*poi*" that they are cooking it is wrapped in leaves first, but if it is the bread-fruit they simply cut them in halves and put them on the rocks. Leaves from the bread-fruit tree are then covered over the food to a thickness sometimes of four or five inches in order to keep in the heat. After leaves are laid on other things are covered over, and the food is left for the space of about two hours. To say that the food cooked in this way is sweet and palatable, is not exaggerating it at all, and any one who has spent much time in a place like Tahiti and partaken of native foods will remember with a longing desire the feasts of bread-fruit, "*miti haara*," or cocoanut milk, and the delicious "*poi*" made from the banana, bread-fruit, taro, etc.

To a native's home the white man is always welcome, and they are made partakers of the best there is around. Many of them have frame houses made in European style, and very often furniture, in the shape of a table, chairs and bedstead, adorns them. Their beds are generally of cotton and reserved for the whites who may happen among them, they themselves much preferring to

sleep with a mat and pillow on the hard floor.

The natives in their social relations differ greatly from the Americans. They have no such gatherings as afternoon teas, lawn fetes, ice cream sociables, fancy dress balls, etc.. But notwithstanding the fact that they do not have these kind of gatherings, they do in their own way enjoy themselves. Take for instance their gatherings in the evenings, when they come together, sing songs, and engage in conversation. Their minds, unlike that of their white brother, are free from care and they do not lose any sleep at nights wondering how they will earn tomorrow's bread, meet the tax-collector or pay their note, but they can come together, sing their songs, and let their minds be at ease, as they know there are lots of fish in the sea which are not hard to catch, and that the good old faithful cocoanut tree will not fail to yield forth its fruit.

Still another way they have of enjoying themselves is by feasting on such things as the country affords. This occurs on such occasions as weddings, conference gatherings, and at the dedicating of meeting-houses. The cocoanut-fed-hogs are then made to suffer by being made a sacrifice to satisfy the appetites of the native, and this with the oven-baked mountain plaitain, bread-fruit, "*poi*" and milk, or oil, extracted from the cocoanut goes to make up their feast. Very often on occasions of this kind the natives partake of the nature of the beast upon which they are feasting to such an extent that they do not know when to stop, and the result is that the missionary, who is also a doctor, is called out at different hours of the day and night to administer a dose of Jamaica ginger, or something

soothing to the inner organs of his patient.

Eugene M. Cannon.

CHURCH SCHOOL PAPERS. SERIES II. NO. 7.

JANUARY 1ST, 1897.

New Appointments.—Axel F. B. Nielson, Principal Cassia Stake Academy, Oakley, Idaho.

Licences issued—Academic Grade.—Francis Bannerman, Cardston, Canada; Samuel T. Clark, Geo. Thomas, Geo. L. Swenson, Weston Vernon, Logan; Levi E. Young, James L. Gibson, Salt Lake City; Ernest D. Partridge, Caleb Tanner, Anthon C. Lund, Provo; Warren H. Lyon, Geo. N. Sorenson, Ogden.

Intermediate Grade.—Carrie Peterson Ephraim; Annie M. Romney, Juarez, Mexico; James L. Patterson, Mesa City, Arizona; Louise Hedguist, Guy C. Wilson, James Osterman, Provo; Daniel Rasmussen, Cedar City; Sullivan C. Richardson, Diaz, Mexico; Joseph Y. Haight, Oakley, Idaho; Josiah Ph. Rudy, Vernal.

Primary Grade.—Ella Crapo, Rexburg, Idaho; Sarah A. Clayson, Juarez, and Pearl V. Whiting, Diaz, Mexico;

Specialists.—In Normal Training: Abie C. Hale, Provo; Jennie Hubbard, Logan; in Theology: Orson F. Whitney, Logan; Geo. Reynolds, Charles W. Penrose, and David McKenzie, Salt Lake City; in Domestic Economy and Ladies' Department: Susa Y. Gates and Christine D. Young, Provo, Annie K. Bartlett, Vernal; in Chemistry and Physics: Lester A. Stanley, Provo; in Spanish: Samantha T. Brimhall, Juarez, Mexico; in music: Anthon C. Lund, Otilie Maeser, Provo; John J. McClellan, Salt Lake City; Wilhelm Fogelberg, Logan; Andrew L. Black-

burn, Rexburg, and Louis D. Edwards, Preston, Idaho; in Physical Culture and Elocution: Isabelle Salmon, Logan; Ruthinda Moench, Ogden; Lillian Maeser, Paris, Idaho; in Drawing and Penmanship: Valton M. Pratt, Provo; Evelyn Harding, Logan; in Mechanics: Andrew Olson, Ephraim; in Kindergarten work: Annie K. Graig, Provo.

Several licences of the previous year have been extended, pending examination for degrees.

Musical.—A musicale was given at the Brigham Young Academy, on Monday, November 9th at 7.30 p.m. by the vocal class, several piano students, and Partridge's Mandolin Club, under the direction of Professor Anthon C. Lund.

The vocal as well as the instrumental numbers of the program, all performed by students of the Academy, surpassed all expectations in regard to their judicious selection as well as to their accomplished execution, and reflected great credit upon Professor Lund, under whose instructions in so short a time such comparative efficiency has been reached. The whole entertainment concluded with a soul stirring chorus from Beethoven's grand oratorio, "Christ on the Mount of Olives."

Anniversary of the Sanpete Stake Academy.—The Sanpete Stake Academy was organized in 1888, and celebrated, therefore, its eighth anniversary on the 6th of November, 1896. The city of Ephraim had never seen such a sight as presented itself to her inhabitants on the morning of that anniversary. Long before the appointed hour, 10 a.m. present and former students of the Academy began to assemble in front of the elaborately decorated new Academy building, forming into line, each department designated by appropriate banners. The pupils of the city schools of

Ephraim with their teachers also paid their respects to their sister institution, and formed a conspicuous part of the procession. A volunteer company of young men marched ahead, firing salutes on passing the old homestead of the Academy. The whole procession was preceded by a brass band, and followed by the members of the Board and visitors in carriages, among whom were noticed Apostles Brigham Young, Anthon H. Lund, General Superintendent Karl G. Maeser, President Canute Petersen and Counselors, and several Bishops. The Stake Tabernacle was crowded to overflowing. The musical exercises consisted of chorus with solo singing by the choir and several pieces by the orchestra, interspersing the addresses delivered by Apostles Brigham Young, Anthon H. Lund, General Superintendent K. G. Maeser, President Petersen, Counselors Beal and Macken, and Bishops Madsen, Reid, Allred, and Irons.

A sumptuous banquet for over 100 guests in the Academy building had been furnished by the ladies of Ephraim and was conducted by lady students of the Academy. The whole concluded in the evening with a grand ball.

The three large class-rooms of the Academy, separated by folding doors, and well fitted up for the requirements of high school grade, are now crowded almost beyond their capacity, and the Board are confronted with the problem of securing still more accommodations in the near future.

Series of Lectures in the Brigham Young Academy.—According to previous arrangement it became my duty to give a two weeks' series of Normal lectures at this institution. Commencing on Tuesday, November 10, and continuing with one exception until Thursday, November 19, I found sufficient opportunity to

visit the various departments and classes, to meet with the faculty, and to mingle with teachers and students. Since the removal of the preparatory department, consisting of the common eight grades, into the new "Central Building" a few blocks nearer to the centre of the city, more room has been made in the main building of the Academy for the high school and collegiate grades. This new arrangement is in the highest degree advantageous for both sections of the institution, and board, faculty and students ought to be congratulated upon this important step toward the consummation of the great aims of the Academy. The intellectual as well as the spiritual progress of the Academy is all that can be desired under the circumstances.

Religion Classes.—In response to the frequent solicitations of our fellow-laborers in the Religion Class movement, a pamphlet of a little over fourteen pages has been sent to all the Stake Presidencies accompanied by the following circular letter:

DEAR BRETHEN:—Accompanying this letter you will find a circular concerning the establishment and conduct of Religion Classes under the direction and supervision of the respective Stake Boards of Education. Your hearty co-operation in this important movement is earnestly solicited. In accordance with the instructions of the First Presidency, we would respectfully suggest the organization of a Stake Board of Education in your Stake, if not yet organized, and the appointment of a Stake Superintendent of Religion Classes. You would greatly oblige me by acknowledging the receipt of the enclosed circular at your earliest convenience, and also by informing me of the names of the members of your Stake Board of Education and the name and address of the Stake Superin-

tendent of Religion Classes. This will enable me to put myself in direct communication with the latter for the purpose of mutual co-operation in regard to the details of the Religion Class work.

It is to be hoped that the Religion Class Organization will take a new start from now on. Every Stake will receive due credit in the Church School Papers as soon as the report of the organization of Religion Classes in the Stake has been received, also the further progress of the work from time to time, and the names of the appointed Stake Superintendents.

General Superintendent's Visit.—Provo, Ephraim, Spring City, Payson, Bountiful, 19th and 11th Wards, Salt Lake City.

By order of the General Church Board of Education.

Dr. Karl G. Measer. Gen. Supt.

LET a man be ever so rich in estate; yet if his heart be not satisfied, but he is still whining, and scraping, and pining for more, that man is miserably poor; it is not having by which we can measure riches, but enjoying; the earth hath all treasures in it, yet no man styles it rich; of these which the world calls good of fortune, opinion only sets the value. Gold and silver would be metals, whether we think them so or not; they would not be riches if men's conceit and institution did not make them such.

MENS' proper business in this world falls mainly into three divisions—first to know themselves and the existing state of things they have to do with; second, to be happy in themselves and in the existing state of things, as far as either are marred or mendable.

Time, patience and industry are the three grand masters of the world.

✻ ✻ THE ✻ ✻


Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JANUARY 1, 1897.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

NEW YEAR'S REFLECTIONS.

 HE beginning of a new year in the life of this earth of ours is necessarily an occasion of solemn importance in the economy of the Great Ruler of the universe, and in the thoughts of all who reflect upon the purposes of the Almighty as made known in sacred writ, and in the more lately revealed word. Each such occasion calls to mind that we are one step nearer the consummation of all things—the redemption of the world, the overthrow of wickedness, the triumph of righteousness. It also furnishes an appropriate opportunity for a glance back over the events of the just ended and previous years, a review of the prospects of the future, and a comparison as to what has been, what is, and what may be, in the lives of individuals and nations—all of which is pretty certain to prove profitable if undertaken in calmness and with judgment. It is an excellent time, too, though by no means the only time when the task should be assumed, to scan closely one's own manner of "talk and walk and conversation," with a view to discovering and laying aside follies and shortcomings, and ordering one's life more on the lines of earnestness and usefulness.

Because of the acceptance of this latter duty as one of the proper things to be done at New Year's, the holiday has come to be considered as a time to

make "resolutions;" and with the flip-pant a great deal of sport is made of the practice. We agree that with many, the promise of reform so loudly made at the beginning of the year is woefully broken before many days or weeks have elapsed, and the faults or follies, which were hoped to be corrected, are again resorted to with sometimes even greater frequency and zeal than before. But as there is hardly any good thing which through excess or unwisdom or abuse may not be turned to evil, so is it true that while many fail to keep their pledges of improvement, there are many others who do keep them, and so long as this is the case, the practice is not wholly to be condemned.

Among Latter-day Saints, however, there ought to be no occasion for what is called "swearing-off" or for the general making of resolutions of improvement on New Year's day. Every day should witness with them a determination to lay aside weaknesses and take on more of the graces of godliness. Each day furnishes opportunity to look closely into one's habits; to examine and discard the worthless and cleave unto that which is elevating and holy. The partaking of the Sacrament in the Sunday Schools and ward meetings, when done worthily, of itself implies an earnest endeavor towards improvement. Every time a true Saint, whether old or young, kneels in prayer, he or she should consider anew the duty of leading a better life, one more in conformity with the precepts and example of our Great Master. Not alone on New Year's, therefore, but on every day, should people seek to effect an improvement in their habits of life. To all our readers we extend the sincere wish that in realizing this duty they may be able successfully to perform it, and that in seeking to

lead a better and more useful life during 1897 than ever before, they may enjoy a happy and prosperous new year.

The year 1896 has been a most eventful one. Mankind has seen much trouble, but there has also been much to gladden. Many brave and beloved souls have been loosened from mortality, and many households have thus been called to mourn; but on the other hand, many choice spirits, whose life in the flesh will make the world brighter and better, have been permitted to take on earthly tabernacles. The great cause of righteousness has made strides of progress, while the powers of evil and destruction have also been busy in the earth's affairs. Thanking our Heavenly Father for all mercies bestowed, and beseeching Him to continue His watch-care and assistance, let us all enter courageously and hopefully upon the New Year, determined that so far as in our power lies, it shall be made the best and brightest of all.

THE SAVIOR AND THE ATONEMENT.*

"GREATER love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (*John 15, 13*).

While penning this essay on the above subject, I earnestly implore the divine assistance of the Holy Spirit, that my mind may be led to indite such words as will be instructive and beneficial to all those who may have the privilege of hearing them read.

A momentous and interesting subject is the way which will lead to eternal life. For what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul. When man's probation is

finished upon earth, his wealth, like vapor, vanisheth away.

One of the most important principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the Atonement. Our dearly beloved Savior and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, "purchased with his own blood" the whole human family by being crucified on Calvary's cross, and through this means all mankind were freed from Adam's transgression.

When Adam and Eve were placed in the Garden of Eden there were certain commandments given them by the Lord, one of which was: "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of knowledge of Good and Evil thou shalt not eat of it, for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

Satan in the form of a serpent, came and tempted Eve. He said: "Yea hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the Garden."

And Eve answered: "We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden, but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die."

The serpent then said: "Ye shall not surely die. For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as Gods knowing good from evil."

Eve, believing the fruit of the tree of knowledge was good for food, pleasing to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, partook of the fruit thereof, and then gave it to Adam, who did also eat of it. Hence they both broke a commandment.

The Lord said unto Eve: "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception, in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children, and thy desire shall be

[An essay read before a class of 200 young men, at the Stockport Sunday School, December 16, 1894: This is the largest Sunday School in England.]

to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

To Adam the Lord said: "Because thou hast harkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree of which I commanded thee saying, thou shalt not eat of it, cursed is the ground for thy sake. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat of the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return."

The commandment being broken, the penalty was inflicted, and Adam and Eve were banished from the Garden of Eden. In the glorious plan of salvation a provision was made by Jehovah, whereby man could be redeemed and eventually brought back into the presence of his Creator.

That the original sin might be atoned for, also our actual sins, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, volunteered to leave His heavenly mansions above, come to the earth, take upon Him a tabernacle of flesh and blood, and die for the sins of the world.

In time the Savior was born, not in pomp and splendor, but of humble, lowly station, being born in a stable and cradled in a manger. His mother's name was Mary, who was the espoused wife of Joseph, a carpenter. Bethlehem was the Savior's birth place.

Of the childhood days of Jesus we can gain but very little authentic information. St. Luke informs us that, "He grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him." The residence of Jesus and His parents was at Nazareth, and it was their custom every year to attend the feast of the passover. When Jesus was

twelve years old they made their annual visit to the passover, and on their return homeward to Nazareth they supposed that Jesus was following them. They had gone a day's journey before they missed Him. Then they returned to Jerusalem and "found Him in the temple, sitting in the midst of doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions." In answer to the question, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing?" He replied, "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" In obedience to His parent's request, He journeyed with them to Nazareth. The Gospel of St. Luke says: "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

At the age of thirty, Jesus entered the ministry, was baptized in the river Jordan by John the Baptist, the Holy Spirit rested upon Him, and a voice from heaven, sanctioning the example of the meek and lowly Nazarene--being born of the water and of the Spirit--said: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

We read of His great temptation. He fasted forty days and forty nights. This was a very trying ordeal to pass through, but by so doing He was subjecting His body to the Spirit. Then came Satan who in every conceivable way tempted Him to commit sin, but Jesus resisted. Here was an example set before the world that they should endeavor to follow.

He passed through many severe trials and persecutions. His successful mission was of brief duration--about three years and a half; but during that period He accomplished a great and mighty work--performed many miracles, raising the dead, healing the sick, cleansing the

lepers, restoring the sight to the blind, causing the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, and preaching the Gospel to the poor.

The sufferings He endured in the Garden of Gethsemane, and upon the cross were of such an agonizing nature, that all who are acquainted with His life and sufferings should have kindled within them feelings of the most ardent love for their Savior, who willingly laid down His life for them.

One of the most pathetic and touching scenes which history records occurred the night previous to His crucifixion. It was on the day of the pass-over. Seated with His twelve apostles they partook of the Last Supper or Sacrament. The occasion was a solemn one—the last opportunity they would have of meeting with their beloved Redeemer and participating in this holy ordinance. While partaking of the sacred emblems, with emotional feelings Jesus said: "Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me."

They were all exceedingly sorrowful, and began to say unto Him, "Lord, is it I?" His prophetic answer was: "He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish the same shall betray me. The Son of man goeth as it is written of him; but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed: it had been good for that man if he had never been born."

Judas eagerly inquired: "Master, is it I?"

Jesus answered him: "Thou hast said." He also said unto the betrayer: "That thou doest, do quickly."

The apostles understood not what Jesus meant when He uttered the last sentence. Judas was treasurer for the twelve, and they thought it was some matter of business the Savior wished

him to attend to. Judas immediately departed on his treacherous errand, to complete arrangements by which he would betray his Lord and Master for thirty pieces of silver (\$15.30)—the price of blood. He, who was supposed to have been the bosom friend of the Savior, gave way to temptation, allowing Satan to use him as an instrument whereby the Son of God would meet an ignominious death.

After partaking of the Sacrament, they sang a hymn and departed to the Mount of Olives.

Jesus said unto them: "All ye shall be offended because of me this night; for it is written, I will smite the shepherd and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered."

Peter emphatically said unto Him: "Though all men shall be offended yet will I never be offended."

Jesus answered: "Before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice."

Peter replied: "Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee."

The Savior's prediction was fulfilled. Thrice Peter denied his Master. And we read that when the Savior's words were verified, and Peter realized what he had done, he went out and wept bitterly.

Jesus entered the Garden of Gethsemane with His Apostles. To a more secluded part of the garden, He taketh Peter, James and John, and saith unto them: "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death, tarry ye here and watch with me." And he went a little further, fell on His face and prayed, saying: "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

During our brief mission upon earth we pass through many arduous trials and temptations; but how are they com-

pared with what the Savior endured? Picture in your minds the loved Redeemer, bowed down with grief, humbly imploring His Heavenly Father that if it be possible He should not drink the cup of sorrow before Him—that it might pass, yet He was willing to do His Father's will. A few more hours and the Lamb of God would be slain, would be cruelly nailed upon the cross, there to bleed and die, in order that all mankind should on the resurrection morn be ransomed from the grave. Oh what a glorious thought. What a grand assurance to the soul, that man who, through Adam's transgression, had fallen, had come short of the glory of God—could, through obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel, be eventually redeemed and saved with the sanctified.

Well might Isaiah the prophet exclaim: "He hath borne our griefs, He hath carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His stripes are we healed. The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

But let me continue the scene in the Garden of Gethsemane. While offering His prayer. His agony was so intense, His sufferings so extreme, that He sweat great drops of blood. An angel, descending from the portals of heaven, came and ministered unto Him, which gave Him renewed strength. When His prayer was ended He hastily returned to His disciples—Peter, James and John—desiring to obtain from them words of consolation. Instead, however, of eagerly awaiting His return, He discovered them sound asleep, and said He: "What, could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch, and pray that ye enter not into temptation. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

He went away the second time to supplicate His Heavenly Father, offered the same prayer, then returned to His disciples, but again found them asleep. No doubt they were tired—worn out for nature's restorer—sleep; traveling as they had done with their Master, preaching the Gospel from city to city, from town to town, from village to village; scoffed at, scorned and persecuted in various ways.

Once more the Savior retired to the sacred spot, once more He implored His Eternal Father that the cup of sorrow might pass—not my will, thy will be done"—and then again came to His disciples and they still slumbered. How sweet repose appeared to them. Said Jesus: "Sleep on now, and take your rest. Behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going; behold he is at hand that doth betray me."

Then came Judas with a band of soldiers, armed with staves and swords. The perilous hour had arrived. The betrayer told the officers: "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he; hold him fast." He immediately went up to Jesus and said: "Hail, Master!" and kissed Him. As soon as Jesus was taken prisoner, Peter, in defense of His Master raised his sword and cut off the ear of the servant of the High Priest, Malchus. Jesus then said to Peter:

"Put up again thy sword into its place, for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword. Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and He shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels; but how then shall the scriptures be fulfilled, that it must be?" Then He turned to the multitude, saying:

"Are ye come out as against a thief

with swords and staves for to take me? I was daily with you teaching in the temple, and ye took me not. But all this was done that the scriptures of the prophets might be fulfilled."

His own disciples forsook Him and fled.

Jesus was led away to Caraphas, the high priest, where the scribes and elders were assembled; false witnesses bore testimony against Him. He was then taken to the judgment hall before Pilate. The procurator, finding he was a Galilean, sent Him to Herod, who after cruel mockery and persecution sent Him back to Pilate. They stripped Him of His clothing, and put on Him a scarlet robe; they platted a crown of thorns upon His head, a reed was placed in His hand, they bowed down to Him and mocked Him, saying, "Hail, king of the Jews!" He was buffeted, they spit upon Him, took the reed from His hand and smote Him with it. After being scourged He was led away to be crucified, bearing His own cross, but on the way Simon of Cyrene was compelled to bear it. They came to Golgotha, "a place of skull," where criminals were put to death.

When Judas Iscariot, the betrayer, knew that the Savior was condemned to death, His conscience so remorsefully smote Him, that he immediately went to the chief priests and elders, and offered back to them the thirty pieces of silver, saying: "I have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood."

They said unto him: "What is that to us? See thou to that."

Oh, what a dastardly crime! What a terrible transgression! Was it the unpardonable sin, for which there was no forgiveness, neither in this world, nor in the world to come?

And Judas, feeling his weight more

than ever, cast down the pieces of silver, and hurriedly went out and hung himself.

Crucifixion was an ancient mode of execution. It still prevails amongst the Hindoos and Chinese. By the Romans it was regarded as the basest and most ignominious death deserved only by traitors, the lowest malcfactors and slaves. The culprit was stripped entirely naked, excepting a narrow strip across the loins. He was then fastened to a post about as high as the waist, and terribly scourged with rods or whips made of leather strips, armed with small bits of lead or bone; and often was the prisoner so severely scourged as to occasion death. He was afterward tied with cords or nailed to the cross. The extreme agony of the sufferings on the cross was so great that we can scarcely conceive or comprehend it.

Our dearly beloved Savior was cruelly nailed to the cross. Think of His sufferings, the pain He bore, the untold agony He endured, for you and for all the human race. And yet, notwithstanding the insults and the galling indignities He received, in the midst of His extreme sufferings, His most earnest prayer for His enemies was: "Father forgive them; they know not what they do." Full well the Savior knew the awful fate that awaited their souls.

A superscription was written over His head, "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews." He was crucified between two thieves. For three hours darkness reigned supreme over the land, the veil of the temple was split in two, the earth did quake and the rocks were rent, showing the displeasure of the heavens in witnessing the death and sufferings of the Son of God. After Jesus expired upon the cross, one of the soldiers

pierced His side, and blood and water gushed forth.

It may be well to recite you a few verses pertaining to this subject, written by that excellent author and poet, Dr. Watts:

He died, the great Redeemer died,
And Israel's daughters wept around;
A solemn darkness veiled the sky,
A sudden trembling shook the ground.

Come, Saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groaned beneath your load.
He shed a thousand drops for you—
A thousand drops of precious blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory died for men;
But lo! what sudden joys were heard—
Jesus, though dead, 's revived again.

The rising Lord forsook the tomb;
In vain the tomb forbade Him rise.
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

We, as Christians, profess to believe in Jesus Christ—we say we love Him with all our might, mind and strength; but do we keep His commandments. Have we complied to His laws and ordinances? Jesus taught faith—a belief in His atonement. He taught repentance—a thorough repentance, determined within ourselves to sin no more so far as the imperfections of our nature would allow us. Have we been baptized with the same baptism that He was—born of the water and of the Spirit? Have we received the Comforter—the Holy Ghost—to be our constant guide, to lead us into all truth, and show us things past, present and to come? These are serious reflections. If we live a righteous life we shall gain the prize that is in store for us, a crown of glory and eternal life. But if we are disobedient, obey not His Gospel, and lead an unrighteous life, it will be said of us: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." But unto

those who keep His laws and ordinances, and remain true to their covenants, the Lord will say, "Come ye blessed of the Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Let us study well the Holy Scriptures—seek the Lord earnestly that His Holy Spirit may be with us, to enlighten our minds, to expand our understandings, that we may read the word of God in the true light and meaning. And let us remain faithful to the end, never swerving to the right or to the left, but daily keep on progressing in knowledge and wisdom. The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, but he that endureth to the end shall be saved.

May the Lord assist us in our humble endeavors to so live that we may draw down His smile and approbation, and eventually may it be said of us: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Amen.

R. Arveson.

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

DRIVING OSTRICHES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

POTCHEFSTROOM, or Moori River Dorf, was the second seat of Government of the Transvaal, the first having been Origstadt, which, being in the low bush country, was first decimated by fever, and then deserted; from Potchefstroom the seat of government was removed to Pretoria. It was an out of the way place, and was seldom visited by English, except by hunters and traders on their way to the Zambesi, Lake N'gami, and the Matabele and Bamanwato countries, and in the colonies it was very rare to come across anyone who had been there. On our way back we purchased at a farm four young ostriches, a few months old and not quite half grown.

We had considerable difficulty in getting them off the farm. A little further we bought three more, a little older and three-parts grown, and these gave us proper work to get them away. For a whole day we were chasing them all over the country on foot, for we had brought no horses, not anticipating this kind of work; but they always returned to the house, and towards evening we gave it up. In the morning, at day-break, we spanned or hobbled them with silk handkerchiefs, and in this way managed to get them six or seven miles from the farm. The next day we removed the handkerchiefs, as they were injuring the birds' legs, and for a little while they went along quietly, until they sighted a troop of wildebeestes, when they stretched out their necks and were off at their best pace to join them. We then each seized one of the two wagon-whips we had, and started after them. If the birds had been real wild ones and full grown we might as well have started after an express train, for I never sat the horse that could run down a full-grown ostrich in a fair course; but they were only three parts grown, and had been domesticated on a farm since they came out of the egg, and they were really more indulging in gambols than making a serious attempt to join the wildebeestes. Consequently, we succeeded in driving them back, but the performance was repeated fifty times during the day, and we had not a moment's rest the whole day. It was quite dark when we at length arrived at the river, and but for the assistance of the rest, who came to our aid, we should never have got them through. At camp we threw ourselves exhausted on the ground, and both declared that it was by far the hardest day's work we had ever done in our lives. The dis-

tance we had run after those wretched birds was certainly over fifty miles, and for the greater part of the distance we were cracking heavy wagon-whips as well.

These ostriches were afterwards a source of endless trouble to us. They grew rapidly, and developed great kicking powers, until they became sometimes positively dangerous, the dogs and the Kafirs coming in for most of their attentions. Their appetite was insatiable; we used to make large quantities of biltong, or sundried meat, and there were usually dozens of strips of it hanging on rheims slung from wagon to wagon, and these were always objects of attention on the part of the ostriches. It was most amusing to see one trying to swallow a strip a yard long and two inches thick, just as a chicken struggles with a worm that is a little too big for it. Once we had to drag a huge strip out of one of the birds' throats to save it from choking. But it was the culinary department that interested them most. They would always attack the Kafirs bringing the viands from the "kitchen" to the tent, and sometimes were so pertinacious that the boy would get frightened and throw the dish away and bolt, and we would lose the best part of our dinner. They would even come into the tent and snatch things off the table, and we would take it out of them by smothering a dainty morsel with salt and cayenne pepper; but after a while they seemed to flourish on it. One day, however, we got the laugh on our side. Dinner was preparing, and one of the birds was investigating the pots round the fire; a great pot of huge potatoes took his fancy, and he seized and swallowed a red hot tuber as big as a large pomegranate. Then we roared. He danced, he jumped, he kicked, he

twisted his neck about almost into knots, he flapped his wings and wagged his tail, he knocked things down and banging himself up against the wagons and stone walls, he hissed and swore—yes, swore—and at last tore away into the fields at twenty miles an hour, until he was out of sight, and did not appear again for a couple of hours.

Every morning, soon after sunrise, these birds would indulge in a dance. They would rush away into the field for about a mile, and then suddenly stop and commence waltzing round and round in the most ridiculous fashion, often till they dropped. I never could understand the meaning of this performance; it might be mere gambolling, but if so it must be nearly the only case of young birds playing, as so many young animals do. Their keen sense of sight has often been noticed, but it is not generally known that their sense of hearing is quite as acute, but if they were feeding two or three miles away, a few mealies (maize) rattled in a tin pan would suffice to bring them back.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CUNNING SUGGESTION OF THE ADVERSARY.

UNDER the changed conditions and the better understanding which have come during recent years with reference to the Latter-day Saints, there is not so much talk as used to be indulged in by distant press-writers, preachers and platform lecturers concerning Church domination in Utah and among the people called Mormons. There is still enough of such talk, however, and far too much to do credit to the sense of those who resort to it, among certain elements here at home. Notably is this the case when political campaigns are

in progress, and when the aspirations of men and parties for office and power begin to make them solicitous for favors, and jealous as well as suspicious of any fancied advantage their opponents seem likely to gain. At such time the leading authorities of the Church are not only openly accused of meddling in this or that political controversy, and of actively working to secure such and such a man's election, but they are also continually beset by busy scribes and others, who wish to extort statements, or explanations, or denials from them to be used as ammunition in the political contest. Sometimes, though rarely, they have seen fit to furnish statements or publish denials—not to gratify the curiosity of sensation-seekers and suspecting critics, but to satisfy the minds of their own brethren and sisters. The latter, while loyal to and having full confidence in their chosen leaders, are still liable to be misled by the plausible and crafty misrepresentations which a political campaign abounds with; and they have felt it a duty to warn the people, by every legitimate means in their power, against the cunning and the falsehood of those who would be glad to lead them astray.

But this furnishes no warrant for the view that they should be ever rushing into print with explanations as to what any irresponsible or malicious writer or speaker may charge against them. It has been claimed, and with much impudence, that because they do not specifically deny one after another the stories circulated, the latter, at least some of them, must be true. Even some who are called Latter-day Saints have been heard to express doubts and fears as to some of the actions of the leading authorities, because no officially signed contradiction of the acts charged was

given to the public. The spirit which the adversary has encouraged was to make these men offenders for a word—and not only that, but also to put words into their mouths which they never uttered, to accuse them of actions which they never performed, and to distort both words and actions in a most unjust and even untruthful manner. And when, disgusted with such proceedings, they have been grieved but have felt to bear the wrong in silence, insult has been added to injury by the accusation that if any wrong were done them, or any misrepresentations made, they ought to have made public denial or explanation—that not having done this, the stories told must necessarily be true.

The men who stand at the head of the Church may not be thus lightly accused, least of all by members of the Church. Their position is too responsible, and their standing before the Lord too exalted, to permit them to be maligned or suspected by their associates in the Church—the risk to people thus wronging them is far greater than many are apt to realize. But apart from the sin of speaking or thinking evil against the Lord's anointed and of contending against those who hold the keys of the Priesthood, there is the common sense view of the subject which everybody ought to be able to take. In the first place, these men are burdened with duties which consume to the utmost their time, without allowing them opportunity to know or see or hear of all the statements made concerning them, to say nothing of time or opportunity to deny and contradict everything that anybody chooses to assert about them; and where stories are multiplied and circulated so widely as in their case, they would have no time for anything else if they undertook to explain or answer them all. In

the second place, denials and explanations seldom accomplish the desired object; many people believe that which they see or hear first, and many never see or hear anything except the first story, no matter how widely the correction may be published; furthermore, as the old proverb states it, a lie will travel a league while truth is getting its boots on. In the third place—and to all Latter-day Saints this should be conclusive—the men who stand at the head of the Church have led long lives of uprightness and integrity before the people and before the Lord. They surely are not so undeserving as to be doubted or suspected because some scheming politician chooses to assail their character or conduct. If it is an injury thus to attack them, it is an insult to ask them to notice it by a contradiction. Their whole career has been as an open book before the people; and if after all this, they are to be required to explain and vindicate themselves day after day during political campaigns, the alternative being that the falsehoods told about them are to be believed, then their lives and their reputation would seem to be held as naught and they looked upon as unworthy.

Of course with Latter-day Saints this is not and will not be the case. I would especially warn the young, however, against the cunning whisperings of the adversary who resorts to the above method, among others, for destroying faith in the work of God and in His Priesthood.

The Editor.

Life is too short to nurse one's misery. Hurry across the lowlands, that you may spend more time on the mountain tops.

ALONE ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

Translated from the Norwegian by Nephi Anderson.

ALTHOUGH I was one of the one hundred and seventy-five thousand people living in the city of Christiania, still I was alone; alone on that evening when every body and everything seem to come together in social gatherings.

I was tired and cross, and my thoughts tried to keep me company; but they were gloomy and made me at variance with myself and the world. Out upon all such foolery as people concoct during Christmas time! Why can't they attend to business as usual?

The room becoming cold, I drew on my coat and went out.

The air was frosty. A fog hung over the city and ice crystals were gathering on buildings, trees, and wires. The gaslighter was making his rounds, and the lamps flickered through the darkness.

But what did people care for cold or fog or darkness! What crowds were out that evening! Yes, and many of them spending their last "ore." And what for? For knick-knacks, playthings, toys. Such fools! Look at them, mothers with big baskets, maids with bundles, and children with arms full to overflowing. There is a father with two children—and he is actually pulling them on a sled. They laugh, and he laughs with them as though it were fun.

I pushed my hands deep into my pockets and trudged up the street. The store windows were full of displays of finery in cloth, in jewelry, and in the everpresent toy. I stopped a moment at a window, more to see the people look than to stare in myself. A hand-sled came nearly tripping me over, and I gave it a kick which sent it off the walk and dangerously close to a number of people who glared at me savagely. A ten-year old boy who had been standing on tip-

toe to see the display had hold of the rope. He jumped down and set off up the street. I followed. The little fellow thought I was after him and quickened his pace. My curiosity was aroused in the lad. He was an odd looking bit of humanity. His clothes were patched, and his cap was pressed well down over his large eyes that turned now and then to see if I meant to catch him. Through the opening and closing crowds we caught glimpses of each other, until we came to the market where I lost him.

What a change in the market! The whole square had been turned into a forest of pine and fir. Fine growing trees, which some day would have made lumber, had been felled, and planted into two cross pieces of plank; and now they stood here in the heart of the city, a whole forest of them.

Here, also, were stacks of oats in the sheaf which should have been in the barn and threshed. These were to feed the birds, to give the birds a Christmas dinner. Think of it! The senselessness of it! Tomorrow the city would be decorated with bundles of oats, sticking from out the windows, and erected on poles in the yards.

"Good evening, Hr. Klogman, a merry Christmas to you."

I returned the greeting. What slaves we are to form. Fru Krogh was buying a Christmas tree. She had no children. What would she do with it? Perhaps she was going to amuse her husband. Ha, ha! I laughed to think of it!

Fru Krogh was looking around. Catching sight of an urchin with a sled, she called him:

"Can you take my tree home on your sled. I'm afraid its too small, and you too."

"O I can take it, Fru. I've taken lots bigger ones than that—do it far ten 'ore.'" The lady hesitated. "For five then, I can take it."

The tree was loaded on the sled, he was given instructions and away he trudged. I followed. This time he did not see me. I had nothing else to do and I might as well move and keep warm.

Up the whole length of Kore Johan we went, then through the Castle park and I saw the tree unloaded at Merchant Krogh's gate. The boy was given a piece of money. I saw that it was silver and much more than five "ore". How those eyes did look at it! He walked along for some time with a sober expression on his face, looking at his money. Then his good fortune seemed to dawn upon him and he began to run and jump and laugh. I had difficulty in following him. Straight for a toy shop he headed, and when I caught up he was gazing at the figure of a man with a dancing bear, speculating, no doubt, on its cost. To my surprise, the boy, with a shake of his head went on; but a tempting display in a baker's window stopped him. He looked at the cakes and then at his money, but with a jerk he went away again. On the market there were clearance sales, and a candy-woman was shouting:

"The whole lot for fifty 'ore.' Come on boys, here's your chance." But the boy with the sled went on as if he did not hear.

That boy rose in my estimation. The temptations he refused, and the battles he won with himself were astonishing. At last he came to a grocery store. He glanced a moment at the window and then went in. I looked in at the door and saw him lay his money on the counter and receive in return two packages,

with which he bounded away. I still followed. I was getting warm by my exertion, but it is a pleasant feeling to get warm once in a while. Into the poorer quarters of the city we went. The streets were dark, and when the boy darted under a large archway which led into the block, I nearly lost him; but I heard his voice and that of his mother exclaiming:

"O, Magnus, why have you been out so late? You know—"

"Never mind, mother, never mind. I'm all right—and here's your rice and your sugar too. Now who says we can't have rice mush for Christmas."

Perhaps, in order to make my story end properly, I should now have gone in, comforted the poor people, and left a gold coin in the woman's hand—but I didn't. I just sneaked away from that place as though I had committed some crime. I went home. I was alone no longer.

A WONDERFUL MANIFESTATION.

An Incident Connected With the Dedication of the Salt Lake Temple.

A VERY interesting occurrence took place during one of the dedicatory services in the Salt Lake Temple, which ought to be placed on record. I therefore submit it to the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. It is an experience which happened to a sister of our ward, and I take pleasure in relating it substantially as she told it to me.

"To begin with," said Sister M---, "it will be necessary to state that my grandfather had three wives, two of whom died before he did. His last two had been sealed to other men, and of course, were his only for time. His first wife, whose name I did not even

know, died in 1825. Her name and genealogy were discovered in a very unexpected manner, a few months after my experience in the Temple. Grandfather joined the Church in early days, was at Nauvoo, and came to Utah in 1850. From the time I was a small girl I lived with grandfather. He was always very kind and seemed to think a great deal of me. In the course of time I got married; and grandfather died in 1866. This little scrap of family history is given so that you may better understand what follows.

"At the time of the dedication of the Temple, I had a very young babe. The idea of trusting it to the care of others, while I might attend the services, was more than I could bring my mind to. My husband and others urged me repeatedly to go, planning for me all the while how baby could be taken care of. The members of our ward, including my husband and family, went to Salt Lake on the two days assigned them, but I could not make up my mind to go on either day. However, another unexpected opportunity was given our ward to attend the dedication. Then through earnest solicitation of my husband and children, I was prevailed upon to undertake the journey. This explanation is necessary to show that the matter of going was on my mind only a few hours previous to my actually being in the Temple.

"While in that sacred place, we sat at a point between where the organ stood and the stand from which the brethren addressed the audience. Apostle Abraham H. Cannon offered the prayer. I remember his telling the congregation to follow him closely and repeat the words as he went along. I closed my eyes and listened intently to his words.

"How long I had been thus listening I am unable to say; but just as one naturally falls to sleep, so I became unconscious of the things about me. Apparently I was not in the Temple, when lo! I found myself gazing at two persons standing in front of me—a man and a woman. The man I at once recognized as my grandfather, but the woman I did not know.

"It seemed the most natural thing in the world that I should meet them. Not the least thought of fear came upon me; on the contrary, I was happy to meet them, and they appeared to share similar feelings. They were dressed in white and both looked most heavenly. As I say, I did not know the woman; but she had dark hair, and was very beautiful indeed.

"Grandfather began talking to me, saying he wanted this lady sealed to him. His communication to me was not in our language, and I could hear no voice, although he made me clearly understand what he wanted, in a manner that I am unable to explain.

"The woman then asked me in a very earnest way to be baptized for her and to do her temple work; and further said, she wanted to be sealed to grandfather.

"Having seemingly finished their errand, they were apparently leaving, when grandfather turned partly around, and with a look which was meant to impress me, remarked: 'Remember, now remember!' His voice this time seemed audible.

"The scene then vanished. The words of the prayer now fell upon my ears and I listened as before. Three times after this, during the exercises, I felt what seemed to be a touch upon my arm and heard a voice say: 'Remember, now remember!' Yet I saw no one.

"The services over, we went slowly out of that sacred building. Just as I was on the last step of the stairway and the air from without fanned my face, I felt again that same touch on my arm. Unconsciously turning, I again heard that same voice, saying: 'Remember, now remember?' This time I felt weak and trembled from head to foot. My husband who had hold of my arm, asked me if I was cold. Several sisters with whom we were talking as we came down the stairs also noticed my agitation, and asked me if I was chilly. I told them that I was not at all cold.

"While going home, I related this manifestation to my husband and remarked to him that I did not know who the woman could be or where I could ever get her genealogy so that I could do her work. Sometime after this occurrence, however, I was talking with my mother, and I found that her description of grandfather's first wife, so far as she knew it, agreed exactly with the appearance of the woman I had seen with him in the Temple.

"But how to get her name puzzled me for she was not my mother's mother. Shortly afterward mother and I ransacked her house in search of records, and finally we were rewarded by finding, down in the cellar, in a box of old newspapers, an almanac, on a blank leaf of which was a list of genealogies. Among them was the name of Harriet Fox--for one line of the record ran thus: 'Ezekiel Kellogg married Harriet Fox in 1818; she died about 1825.' This list had been prepared, so mother said, about twenty years ago by my grandmother at the request of a relative in the east who had written for genealogies, and a copy of it had been kept."

Sister M——, assisted by a relative,

has since performed the work that was so miraculously enjoined upon her in the House of the Lord by those visitors from another world.

Jos. B. Keeler.

SOCIETY rests upon conscience, and not upon science. Civilization is first and foremost a moral thing. Without honesty, without respect for laws without the worship of duty, without the love of ones neighbor—in a word, without virtue—the whole is menaced, and falls into decay; and neither letters nor art, neither luxury nor industry, nor rhetoric, nor the policeman, nor the custom-house officer, can maintain erect and whole in edifice of which the foundations are unsound.

It is not in the words that others say to us, but in those other words which make us say to ourselves, that we find our gravest lessons and our sharpest rebukes. The hint another gives us finds whole trains of thought which have been getting themselves ready to be shaped in inwardly articulated words, and only awaited the touch of a burning syllable, as the mottoes of a pyrotechnist only wait for a spark to become letters of fire.

COULD we know that we were certainly making the entire character of a single individual, and that we alone must bear the responsibility, how great a trust we should deem it, and how careful we should be! Yes, in truth, we are doing far more than that. Every one who approaches us owes something of his character to our influence; and the effect does not stop there. Like a magnetic current, it passes on from one person to another, and no human power of computation can ever measure its strength or its extent.

Our Little Folks.

SIXTH LETTER TO THE PRIMARIES.

It was six o'clock, p. m. when we stopped at President White's in Beaver. We were too tired, and it was too late to arrange for a meeting that evening. But the next day we held meetings with the Relief Societies, the Primaries and the Young Ladies. We also visited several sick sisters, who seemed to feel cheered and blessed by our presence. Saturday and Sunday the 26th and 27th, the Beaver Stake Conference was held. Apostle F. M. Lyman and President J. G. Kimball were there, and taught many good things to the people.

The singing in the meetings at Beaver was a very interesting part of the services. Brother Bickly, the choir leader, has a very talented family in the musical line. We were invited to his home, where we enjoyed a real musical treat.

The meeting with several old friends—friends of our fathers and mothers in former days, also afforded us much pleasure. Among these were Brother and Sister Tyler and Sister Sarah Millican Dell, well known in early Church history.

Sunday morning there was no Sunday School, because of the Stake Conference. Apostle Lyman spoke of this regretfully. Said he was a Sunday School man, and loved to meet with the children. He advised parents and teachers, in such cases, to bring the children to meeting with them, and encourage them to be interested in voting for the Church authorities; it was the right of the children to do this, and they should be taught to understand and appreciate so great a privilege.

Monday, 29th, Brother Marquis De

Lafayette Shephard, of whom I believe I told you in my first letter, took us to Minersville, a ride of eighteen miles.

It was early morning when we started, and birds were singing blithely, many of them; but one kind, called the mourning dove, made rather a doleful sound; which, however, seemed to harmonize very nicely with the gay chirping and whistling of others. Some portions of the way the road followed the course of a stream of water, the banks of which were thickly covered with green willows, and wild rose bushes which were in rich bloom. You can imagine how we must have enjoyed that morning ride.

On a little plain, the head of an animal, too large for a rat or squirrel, peeped out of the ground; then a broad body, with short legs crept out, frisked quickly around and disappeared as suddenly as it came in sight. It was a badger, an interesting, but not an agreeable looking animal.

A meeting had been appointed for us at 10:30 o'clock in Minersville. We reached the settlement just in time, and met with all who could be present, giving the children a liberal share of attention. Told them Apostle Lyman and Brother Kimball were coming there to hold meeting in the afternoon, and that they loved to have the children in their meetings.

We had dinner at Bishop George Eyre's, and while we were there, he told us something which I want to repeat to you children.

Brother Eyre said that years ago he was very much afflicted with asthma. He thought he could not live very long any way, and that he should die all the sooner if he did not drink tea or coffee hot, with his meals. But he wanted to learn to keep all the commandments of

God, whether he lived or died. So he determined to leave off hot drinks, and to keep the Word of Wisdom, even at the risk of dying very soon. Greatly to the surprise and delight of himself and family his health at once became better, and steadily improved; his breath grew more sound, and he has given up the idea of dying very soon, if at all.

Take the book of Doctrine and Covenants, children, and read over the Word of Wisdom. Notice the promises God makes to the Saints who will observe and keep those sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments; and you will wonder why Bishop Eyre should have ever doubted that he would be made stronger instead of weaker by learning to eat without using "hot drinks."

While we were in St. George, a brother there also testified to me that he had always kept the Word of Wisdom, and he believed it was for this cause that he never found a man that could outstand him in keeping steadily at work or doing without sleep. And still further, in favor of keeping the Word of Wisdom, I have heard both a brother and sister testify that for years, while they were tea drinkers, they often suffered greatly with head-ache; but after learning to do without tea, they were not troubled.

In the afternoon, Apostle Lyman and Brother Kimball came and held meeting with the Minersville people. The children were all there, and sat on the front seats; and behaved so well it made us feel very happy and very rich to think our people are blessed so greatly with fine, bright boys and girls.

Brother Lyman kindly requested us, his missionary sisters, to speak to the congregation before Brother Kimball and himself should make their ad-

resses. We did so; and then the children sang, "In Our Lovely Deseret."

In the beginning of his remarks, Brother Kimball told the children a story about a little sister of his, when he was a small boy. I made a note of it, so that I might tell it to you all; for I thought it would be good for all the children of the Saints to know about it.

The little sister he told us of was sick unto death; the administrations of the elders seemed to do no good; nothing that could be done had any effect. At the last extremity his father, President Heber C. Kimball, called together his little children, ten or a dozen, or perhaps more of them, and had them kneel around the bed of the little sick sister. Some of them were so young they could scarcely speak. The father prayed, and had the children repeat the words of his prayer; and the little one was healed immediately. A miracle was performed.

Such stories as this are among the best for our children to hear and remember. They help to strengthen faith in the power and goodness of Our Father in Heaven.

After meeting, we visited and blessed a sick sister; and were then taken by team to Milford, where we rested, had supper, and then boarded the train for Salt Lake. As we were to travel all night, we took a sleeper, and were "rocked and sung to sleep," by the motion and the rumbling of the cars.

We awoke and arose at 5:30, on Tuesday, June 30th. The morning was clear and bright, and the meadow larks sang gaily as we sped along towards home. At 10:15 we reached the depot at Salt Lake, where we were met and welcomed by kind friends, and some of our own dear children.

There, little folks, I have completed

my account of our visit to the Primaries in Southern Utah.

The Sevier Stake Primary conference will be described in my next letter.

A NEW YEAR'S TALK.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS:—Do you ever think about the time when you will be men and women? That time will come to all of you. Why not try to do things in such a manner now, that you will make both good and useful grown people. You know your parents were once little and had their troubles the same as you, and also their fun. Like as not they often did things that were not right, the same as you do sometimes—did things that hurt their conscience. What is conscience? Let me tell you. Each one of you has one unless you have killed it; but none of you have done that, I know, for none but those who have done wrong for years and years have a dead conscience. When you do something that you know is not right, you feel something inside you that hurts! It doesn't hurt like the stomachache or earache, but it makes you feel as if you would like to get away from yourself. That sort of feeling is your conscience pricking you, and the first time you do anything bad it hurts you the worst, but if you keep doing those things, after awhile it gets so it won't prick you at all. You must never get that way, boys and girls, if you want to be happy.

A new year has come and it would be nice to start now and sharpen up your conscience. The way to do that, is to listen to it always and mind it the first time it pricks you. If one of you boys has to get kindlings every afternoon for the morning fire, be sure and do it as soon as you can, and then you can play

without being pricked. I know a boy that used to leave his work till dark and then when his mother asked him why he had not done it, he would say, "Oh ma, I forgot!" And he forgot every time he did not want to do anything. His mother could see he was learning to tell little lies and injuring his conscience and she knew that after awhile he would tell bigger stories unless she stopped him now. She had talked to him a good deal about it but that did not do much good. This boy had some cousins that lived fifty miles away and his mother used to take him down to see them in the summer time. He liked to ride on the train as well as you do, and when he got there the other boys would be at the depot to meet him; and for the next week they would have all sorts of fun. They went fishing and had all the apples, pears and peaches they wanted to eat, and best of all, they had two dogs that were fine fighters. The last time he had been down they got up a circus and the girls each paid a nickle to get in, and the dogs fought splendidly, and one of the boys rode standing up on a horse, and they had a live snake and some mice. The next summer they were going to have it still better, so when vacation came this boy asked his mother when she was going. She told him next Wednesday morning at six o'clock, and he went to bed Tuesday night without doing his work. He thought, of course, his mother would wake him in time for the train. But she did not and went without him. When he got up and the folks told him his mother had gone, I can tell you he didn't feel very well but he knew he deserved it. Next day he had a letter from his mother and she said, "My little son must not forget things if he wishes mamma to remem-

ber him; attend to your duties while I am gone and see how much more comfortable you feel." That boy did so well after that day that his mother never forgot him again.

Now how many of my friends will try to do better this year than you did last? When you have a thing to do, do it at once. Have you ever noticed how much harder it is to do, when you put it off. And another thing, children, be prompt. If you are going to school, don't be late, and when you leave school and start to earn a living you will find it easy to reach your work in time, or if you work at home you will rise in time in the morning to do what you have to do, and get it done before bedtime

Another thing, try and help others. If one of you girls sees anyone about you doing anything that you can help at, offer to do so and be sure you will become more and more useful which means happiness to yourself and those about you. No boy or girl wants to be like a drone. Bees, you know, are very busy insects, but in every hive of bees there are drones which spend their time being lazy. Likely, you can think of people who do the same thing, but don't you be a drone. You can always find something to do besides play and I would advise you to ask your parents to give you some regular work to do, and where you do not like your work, do like Tom Sawyer did, when he had a big fence to whitewash one Saturday. He sat down first to think of some way to get out of it, for he was not fond of work, then, all of a sudden he saw a chum approaching. He picked up his brush and set to work. He did it so well that he hadn't time to talk to the other boy who began to wish he could do whitewashing too, and begged Tom to let him try awhile, but Tom said he

was afraid he would spoil the fence, but the other fellow kept coaxing, and at last gave him an apple if he could whitewash awhile, and when that boy was tired there were plenty of others anxious to help with the fence, so they got the fence done and had a good time doing it. Try this plan of making everything you do interesting and see how much better you will get along.

Yours Truly,

Xmas.

FUNERAL SONG.

For Sadie's Baby May.

Tune "Nearer my God to Thee."

Peace to thee, little one,
Gone from our fold!
Quickly thy race was run,
Thy story told.
Peace to the hearts that mourn,
Sadly bereft and torn:
Christ hath all sorrows borne—
God's will be done!

Let not our thoughts remain,
'Neath the cold sod,
Where thy fair form is lain,
Lead us to God;
Where thy pure spirit bright,
Basks in eternal light,
Where there is no more night,
No death nor pain.

Though from thy mother's breast,
Death carried thee,
By angel arms caressed,
Now thou art free,
In glory like the sun—
God's loving will be done!
Peace to thee, little one,
Rest, darling, rest!

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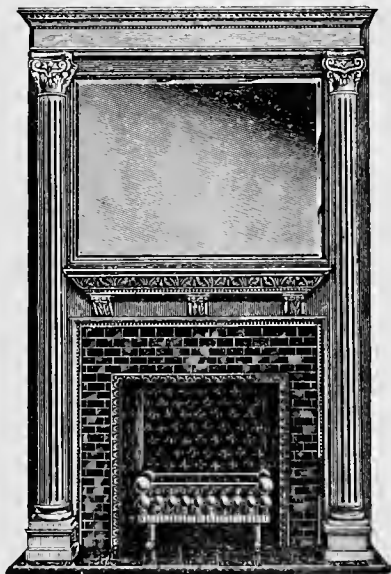
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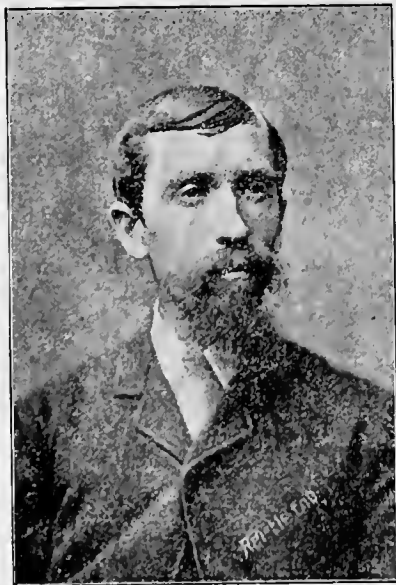
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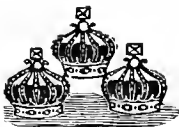
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